

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
VOL. XXIX. }

JULY, 1877.

{ NEW SERIES.
{ VOL. VI. NO. 7.



HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

How much you have derived from your parents! How much trouble and anxiety you have cost them! For months you were helpless infants in your mother's arms, and for months more you could not be left alone for an hour. They have always provided you with clothing, food, and shelter. Before you were old enough to know what danger was, they often rescued you from it. When you were sick, they carefully watched over you; perhaps they did this for many days and nights. They have devised ways for your amusement. They have bought you books, and sent you to school. They have many times deprived themselves of comfort that you might be happy; or, rather, they have found their greatest comfort in your welfare and enjoyment. They desire and are constantly striving that you may be good and useful members of society. You cannot think how much their happiness is bound up in yours. They would rather lose every thing else than lose you, and be disappointed in every thing else than be disappointed in you. You are their greatest earthly hope, and, if good and faithful, will be their greatest earthly blessing. They have loved you ever since you were born, and will continue to love you until they die. It is not probable that they will live to need your care, nor will they be likely to need your money. You never can repay them so well as by rendering them now your love and obedience.

By honoring your parents, you will be better fitted to perform other duties. You will soon be men and women. You will then be called to fill the places which those older than you are filling now. You will find those places much harder to be filled

than you think. You will have to make greater exertions in life, and endure greater trials, and meet greater temptations, and make greater self-denial, than, with your present limited acquaintance with the world, you can conceive. You little know what life is, or what will be required of you if you live many years. You never will be able to throw off restraint. There always will be some things that you ought to do, that you would rather not do; and some things that you would like to do, that a sense of duty will forbid. However favored your lot may be, you will have many hard things to do, and many hard things to bear. One way to prepare for these hard things is to honor your parents by your love and obedience. If you faithfully perform this duty, you will know better how to bear life's crosses in after years. The discipline afforded by it will help fit you for the hard things which you would rather not do and bear, but which you will not be able to escape. Parental counsel guidance and restraint in youth will give you the very training required to meet some of life's sternest difficulties when they arise.

By honoring your parents, you honor those whom God has placed over you. Instead of taking all the care of you himself, or leaving you to take care of yourselves, God has given you kind fathers and mothers to care for you. He has not left you alone in the world, exposed to its dangers and hardships, with no one to love you and take an interest in your welfare. He has appointed your parents to provide for your wants, and guide you in the right way, until you are old enough to take full care of yourselves. It is as ungrateful to him not to love and obey your parents, whom he has given to love, watch over, and train you, as it is not to thank him for the food, clothing,

and comfortable homes that you enjoy. He has put your parents in care of you, that you may grow up to be good men and women. He has made them your natural guardians, anxious that your lives may be spared, that you may succeed well in life, that you may always do right and avoid wrong. By giving them to take care of you, he has greatly increased your happiness.

For The Dayspring.

CHILDREN CAUGHT IN A STORM.

BY E. P. CHANNING.

It was a beautiful morning when Rosie and Edward started for school. Rosie thought Captain Clary a very queer sort of a man to say, as they passed his door, "You had better run back for a 'ram-brill'" (for that was what the old captain called an umbrella): "we shall have changing weather before night." And the little girl said, "Thank you, sir; but the basket is heavy, and it doesn't look like rain."

There had not been a cloud in the sky, nor a cloud in Rosie's heart, during the morning. She had not missed in her lessons; her favorite piece was sung at recess; and, going home with the other girls, she met Miss Clary, who was not a bit like her father in fearing the weather or any thing else. To walk with Miss Clary was the delight of all her little neighbors. She had so many lively stories at her tongue's end, and was always calling their attention to odd or beautiful leaves, or insects, or flowers by the roadside.

Rosie thought Miss Clary's head as full of meanings as a dictionary, and much more amusing. To-day she came out in a new light as a singer, and, after two charming little songs, had burst in to a "Buy-a-Broom" air; making such a comical face

and squalling so shrilly that Edward rolled on the ground with delight, and the girls cried, "Do it again! Do it again!"

Rosie laughed every time she thought of Buy-a-Broom, as Edward dragged her under the trees to pick up nuts. When they sat down to rest, she amused herself by imitating Miss Clary. Which she did easily, as she had a quick ear and a sweet voice. But, when Edward piped up, she began to think it was time to go home; for Edward, poor little fellow! sang frightfully out of tune. And that was a great trial to Rosie; for it seemed so unkind to stop him short in what gave him so much pleasure, and yet she could not bear the pain of hearing him long.

Rosie saw how dark it had grown, and that the captain had been more weather-wise than she. And this is a lesson that children have to learn all along, that older people do know better than they. She was very much afraid of thunder and lightning at home and with her dear mother; and here she was some way from a house, and under trees, which, she knew, drew the lightning. And what made her more of a coward was the thought that her mother said to her, "Remember, I only let Edward go to school on condition that you come directly home when it is over."

Now there is not a girl in our county sorrier than Rose when she does wrong, or one more hopefully brave in trying to do right again. So after one pang at the thought of the possible lightning, and another at her own forgetfulness, she set about doing the best she could at the moment.

The strengthening thought, too, came of what her Sunday-school teacher said the Sunday before, "that one must never be afraid of any thing but of doing wrong;

for no danger, no darkness, no loneliness could separate us from our heavenly Father." And at that thought Rose seemed to put her little hand in His, and to forget her fear in seeing what she could do to shield her little brother from the heavy shower.

Speaking a cheery word to Edward, she pushed him more under shelter, protecting him by her taller figure; tied her handkerchief over her new hat, and turned up her gown, leaving her well-filled pocket to take the ducking. Then she began Edward's favorite story of the "Rude Boy." And though Edward had to set her right once or twice, especially when she said that the Rude Boy drew the dead mouse out of his hat instead of his pocket, yet she managed to keep him quiet and happy till the shower was over. And, then, you may be sure the grass did not grow under the children's feet as they rushed home to their anxious mother, who rubbed them dry, put them into warm clothes, gave them their supper, and sent them early to bed.

And not till they were alone did she ask Rosie the reason of their delay; and it was with a very earnest look in her honest brown eyes that the little girl said, "Mother, I give you a 'surely' promise that I will try not to forget again."

LIVE for some purpose in the world. Always act your part well. Fill up the measure of duty to others. Conduct yourself so that you shall be missed when you are gone. Multitudes of our species are living in such a selfish manner that they are not likely to be remembered after their disappearance. They leave behind them scarcely any traces of their existence, and are forgotten almost as though they had never been.

For The Dayspring.

THE BIRD CONCERT.

Rise up, little folks, very early some morn,
And hear the Bird Concerts, before they are gone.
No seats are reserved, but the singing is free;
Wake up and enjoy it, — this grand jubilee!

These concerts commence every morning at four,
And continue till six, or a little before;
No music in paradise e'er could excel
These early bird warblers we all love so well.

From mountain and valley, from glen and from
plain,
The prelude commences, in one sweet refrain;
A thousand glad voices, from hill-tops and trees,
Pour forth their glad music to comfort and please.

The orioles, sparrows, and pretty blue jays,
All join in the chorus of love and of praise;
The goldfinch, the wren, and the chick-a-dee-dee,
Unite their glad voices in sweet melody.

Wake up, little people, and hear the birds call:
"Come out to our concert, — it's free to you all;
From depth of the earth to the dome of the skies,
Our voices of praise to our Maker arise."

Each voice harmonizes; no discord you'll hear;
Now sad and now joyful, now low and now clear;
Now louder, now softer, — it swells from afar, —
Just a foretaste of heaven! with "Gates all Ajar."

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER.

WHAT shall I give? To the hungry give food; to the naked, clothes; to the sick, some comfort; to the sad, a word of consolation; to all you meet, a smile and cheery greeting. Give forgiveness to your enemies; give patience to the fretful; give love to your households; and, above all, give your hearts to God.

A SOUL without prayer is like a solitary sheep without its shepherd. The tempter sees it, and lures it away into his snare.

For the Dayspring.

PLAYING WITCHES.

BY KITTY CLOVER.

MARY and Joe looked at each other, their eyes wide open with consternation; for limp and lifeless lay their little Maltese kitten, and they were the culprits who had done the naughty deed. Not in earnest, — oh, no! Their little hearts were too tender for such cruelty. It was done in play, without a thought that kitty would come to such an untimely end.

It was only last night that Freddie came home from school with a new history. He was much interested in the study of it, and asked his father many questions, among which were some relating to the Salem witchcraft. Their father told them about the old dark times; and, as they lived in the vicinity of some of the witch places, the story was very interesting to the older children. Mary and Joe, although small, heard every word; and when it was explained to them that there were no "really witches," they almost felt sorry; for, as Mary said, "they must have been real jolly to dance and kick around so."

The next day they took the kittens and the brown dog, and went down to the pasture to play beside the brook. An old willow-tree stood there, with a hole in the trunk big enough for both the children to enter, and they often amused themselves by making it a play-house. On this occasion, however, the old tree had not its usual attraction: the children, instead of playing in its great hollow trunk, sat themselves down on the mossy bank of the brook, to think over the stories they had heard the night before. Meanwhile the kittens were playing contentedly with some acorns the children had brought down for cups and saucers. They rolled them in the

grass till some of them fell splash into the brook, and went floating along toward the distant ocean, like tiny boats.

Suddenly Joe said to his sister, "Let us play witches."

"How shall we play that?" said Mary.

"Well," said the little boy, "we will have to play that Carlo is judge, you and I lawyers, the two black kittens the witnesses, and Malta the witch."

"Oh!" said Mary, "I would rather one of the black ones should be the witch."

Finally, however, it was settled it should be Malta; and they proceeded to business. Joe arose with a dignified air, and called on Mr. Snowball to tell what he knew. Mr. Snowball, in a thin, squeaking voice, which seemed to come from the direction of Mary's mouth, told his story.

"As I was going into the barn last night," he said, "I heard a strange noise. On looking behind the door, I saw Malta watching a hole. I watched her a long time. Finally, after a terrible scratching and clawing, she came from her hiding-place with a rat almost as big as herself. I know that she never could have done such a thing without help, for I never have been able to catch so much as a mouse."

Then Dinah came forward, and confirmed every word that Snowball had said.

"I was near by, curled up in a barrel, asleep," she said; "but was rudely awakened by the noise. I wish also to say that Malta caught a bird this morning; and I am sure that she must be a witch, to do such a wicked thing."

Now all this was spite. The truth is that Dinah and Snowball were terribly lazy kittens, who did not exert themselves in the least to get their living, while Malta was very smart and wise.

After a while, it was arranged that Malta should be hung by the neck, as

other witches had been. Judge Carlo pronounced the sentence of "guilty," with no little satisfaction, for he had a grudge against Malta; because, whenever he was taking a nap, she was sure to come and play with his ears or tail. Preparations for the execution now began. Two sticks were driven into the ground, and across the top of these another was placed for a beam. Joe had some twine in his pocket, — what boy does not? — and of this he made at one end a slip noose, and put it around poor kitty's neck. He was about to throw the other end over the top of their queer gallows, when a large dog came scampering across the pasture. Carlo, starting in quick pursuit, caught his hind leg in the twine. Down tumbled the gallows, and down tumbled Joe. The black kittens ran into the willow-tree, and Malta was dragged after Carlo, the twine tightening about her neck. Joe picked himself up in a moment, and ran to her rescue; but, when he reached her, she was to all appearance dead. Her little form was limp. Her half-opened eyes were glassy. She could not stand or move. Mary took off her new pink apron, wrapped it around Malta, and laid her under a barberry bush. They were about to start for home to tell mother about it, when the little pink bundle under the barberry bush began turning and twisting. Joe ran and opened it, and there was Malta as lively as ever. The children danced for joy, and, gathering up their play-things, started for home. They told their mother what had happened, and that they never should "play witches" again.

CONSULT more what thy duty is than what thy difficulty be.

MEN's muscles move better when their souls are making merry music.

KITTY KING AND THE VOICE.

KITTY was in the Sabbath school one Sunday, and the superintendent was praying, when Mary Gray drew her notice, and slyly handed her some nuts and candy. Kitty glanced at the teacher, as much as to say, "If she doesn't see." Her teacher's head was bowed in prayer. "Do not take them," whispered the still small voice within. "You come to Sunday school to feed your soul: nuts and candy will take your mind from better things; eat at home." Kitty listened and minded. Then she shook her head at Mary; and soon the prayer was ended, and they turned to the lesson.

The next day Mary was very cold to Kitty; Kitty was grieved, and wondered what it could be for.

"Kitty King makes-believe being very good," said Mary, after school. "I expect she'll soon think herself too grand to play with common folks."

Kitty then remembered the nuts and candy, and was surprised and angry at Mary's ill-natured misconstruction of her conduct. "Why, Mary Gray," she cried impetuously, "you bad thing, to call me a 'make-believe'!"

"You *are*," rejoined Mary, mockingly; "thinking yourself too good to take the nuts yesterday. Catch me offering you any more."

Kitty lifted up her hand to strike Mary. "Stop!" whispered the little voice: "return good for evil. That is our Lord's way." — "Oh! I can't," thought Kitty, passionately: "she's wicked to talk as she does." There was a confusion of voices in poor Kitty's soul, and she was all in a flutter. Resentment was loud and clamorous, so was injured pride; and wounded feeling was very sharp. The little voice was almost drowned.

"I'll never speak to you again, Mary Gray," cried Kitty, pulling from her arm a bag which Mary had given her in their better moments, and tossing it towards her; "take your old bag." Kitty rushed off home. On the way the little voice gained her ear. "Child," it said, "God knows all."

"I know it," said Kitty, humbly; "but it's so hard to be called a 'make-believe.'"

"Worse to *be one*," said the little voice; "and it's always better to *suffer wrong* than to *do wrong*."

When she reached home, she and the little voice went up into her chamber together, they two alone. The little girl humbly hearkened to its whispers.

In the afternoon, when school was over, Kitty went up to Mary. "Mary," she said, "will you forgive me for getting so angry with you to-day? I am very sorry; I deserve to be called a 'make-believe,' unless I behave better."

Mary's heart was melted with shame and penitence. "O Kitty!" she cried, in a choking voice.

They could not talk about it; but only kissed each other, and made it up.

"Mamma," said Kitty that night, "how good it was of God to give us the still small voice! I hear it clearer every day; and, mamma, I am *so happy* when I mind it."

That still small voice is *Conscience*.

Selected.

HE who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of a lifetime is unrolled.

WE cannot conquer fate and necessity; yet we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.

THE OCCUPATION OF ANIMALS.

BEES are geometricians: their cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest-sized spaces and least possible loss of interstice. So, also, is the ant-lion: his funnel-shaped trap is exactly correct in its conformation, as if it had been made by the most skilful artist of our species, with the aid of the best instruments. The mole is a meteorologist. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator. He raises and lowers his sail, casts and weighs his anchor, and performs other nautical evolutions. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder, and wood-cutter: he cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer: he not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry. The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. The East India ants are horticulturists: they make mushrooms, upon which they feed their young. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The bird *plocus texor* is a weaver: he weaves a web to make his nest. The primia is a tailor: he sews the leaves together to make his nest. The squirrel is a ferryman: with a chip or piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others, are hunters. The black bear and heron are fishermen. The ants are regular day-laborers. The monkey is a rope-dancer. The association of beavers presents us with a model of republicanism. The bees live under a monarchy. The Indian antelopes furnish an example of patriarchal government. Elephants exhibit an aristocracy of elders. Wild horses are said to select their leaders. Sheep, in a wild state, are under the control of a military chief ram. — *Selected.*

THE SWANS.

Do you see the large white birds in the picture on the next page? Perhaps you think that they are geese; but they are not, although they look much like them. They are white, and swimming in the water like geese; but, if you will look, you will see that they are larger and their necks much longer. If you could see them calmly swimming in a large pond, you would see that they are among the most graceful of birds. They would proudly curve their long necks, and spread their great snow-white wings, as if they were sails, to catch the breeze, and, as they floated grandly along, they would look more like beautiful barges made for fairies than like birds.

Swans, on account of their great beauty, are often kept in ornamental ponds in parks and pleasure-grounds. In the Boston Public Garden there is a great white swan named Dick. Many of our readers must have seen him, and we hope that many more will. He floats as proudly upon the little pond as though he owned it and every thing around it. There is a black swan in the pond, by the name of Nig; but Dick feels his importance too much to take notice of poor Nig. He passes him as coldly as a haughty white man ever passed

a poor negro. But this is not the funniest thing about Dick: there are in the pond two boats that have great swan-like necks and wings, and to these he takes a strange liking; when children are riding in them by day, he often sails beside them; and at night he often rests beside them, as though they were live swans.

How foolish Dick is to prefer the company of wooden white swans to that of a black one of the same flesh and blood as himself!

WHICH IS KING?

"I," said the Head; "for I am wise:
I am the king; I can devise.
Without me you would fail to plan:
I am the sun-crowned gift of man."

"I," said the Heart; "for I can feel:
I am the chief; I can reveal
The life that pants within; and you
Without me would not be so true."

"I," said the Hand; "for I can do
The very things that each of you
Suggest. The pulsing heart may thr-rob;
The head may think: I do the job."

O busy Hand and Head and Heart!
Each can do little when apart.
Think, throb, and toil in union here;
For each is king within his sphere.

Children's Friend.

PATIENCE and attention will bring us far. If a cat watches long enough at the mouse-nest, the mouse shall not escape.



For The Dayspring.

TALLIE'S BIRTHDAY.

A Story of Real Life.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. — *Lunch.*



When he left Tallie in the horse-car with his father, on that cold February morning. It was a ride of four miles to the office, and it was not very early when they arrived there. Mr. Ambleton found considerable work to do. There were business letters to be answered. There were articles for the paper to be looked over and corrected. As it was to go to press that night, there were also some proofs to be corrected. Tallie had already learned what that meant. When types are first set up, they contain many mistakes. An impression is taken on paper, and somebody reads over what is printed, and corrects the blunders. Then the type-setter makes these necessary changes in the type, after which the paper can be printed.

One friend called to talk over various matters with Mr. Ambleton, and strangers came in with inquiries about prices, and gave orders for jobs. Some people wanted cards printed, some wanted programmes, and others wanted bill-heads.

The office was cheerful, and kept warm by the steam-engine in the cellar. This engine also ran the big Acme Press, on which the paper itself was printed. Tallie had been very anxious to see this big press in operation; and to-day there was a chance, for they were "striking off" the outside of the paper. He watched the large press till its work was done for the forenoon, and then came back into the room where his father was.

"What shall I do next?" was his question.

At first Mr. Ambleton hardly knew what to advise his boy to do. He was old enough to read, but could hardly understand such grown-up books as there were in the office. So his father told him he might run over to the post-office, which was not far off, and look into big Box No. 2; and, if there was any mail, he might bring it over.

Away ran Tallie, and in a few minutes he was back again with four papers and a magazine. This was a godsend for Tallie; for the magazine was the "Nursery" for March, and one of the papers was "Harper's Weekly," which is always full of good pictures. When his father had a little leisure, he told his boy about these pictures, some of which were very difficult for him to understand. He could tell Columbia, when he saw her in a picture, by her curious, pointed cap; but it was not easy for him to understand who Columbia was. He knew Boss Tweed, too, in the pictures. General Grant he always recognized by his cigar. But the reading in Harper's was a little beyond him; so he presently turned to the "Nursery," and in that he could read nearly every word, and understand all the pictures himself.

Once in a while he would look up and ask his father if it was not nearly time for lunch, but papa would say: "Not yet. Don't disturb me by asking questions. I will tell you when it is time to have our lunch."

It was hard to keep still; but he tried to obey, and succeeded pretty well.

Presently his father said: "Tallie, go and ask Peter to come here!"

So Tallie called Peter, and he came.

"Were you at church last Sunday, Peter?"

"No, sir," said Peter.

Peter was a boy who was learning to be a printer. He was about twice as old as Tallie, and was very kind to him.

"Were you at Sunday school?"

"Yes, sir," said Peter.

"Well, what was done at Sunday school?"

"Well," said Peter, "the preacher was there, and made a speech, — a first-rate speech."

"What about?"

"Well, he told us that we must always go to Sunday school, and he told us about the Sunday school that he went to when he was a boy. And, say, Mr. Ambleton, did you know there was to be a Sunday-school party next week Thursday? And did you know they were getting up a present for one of the teachers?"

Mr. Ambleton did not know these facts; but he was glad to know them, and put them into the paper among the news items; for Peter was much interested in the church which he attended, and could generally tell Mr. Ambleton what was going on there.

"Can't you tell me who preached?"

"No, sir; I can't tell you his name, Mr. Ambleton," replied Peter. — who was a Scotch boy, and continually tacked on to the end of his sentence the name of the person to whom he was talking, — "but it was something like *House*."

"House? House?" mused Mr. Ambleton. "Wasn't it *Barnes*?"

"Yes," said Peter, "that was it; and my father said he gave a tip-top sermon on — well, I just forget the text, but he told about home and heaven."

After Mr. Ambleton had written this down, he said: "Are you busy now, Peter?"

"No, sir," replied Peter; "not very busy."

Then he told Peter that he might set

up in type some names which were written down. Tallie was very anxious to know what names they were, for his father also said that they were to be printed on cards; but Mr. Ambleton told him he should see them when the proofs were ready, after Peter came back from dinner, — for Peter lived near by, and could easily go home to his dinner in the hour's nooning which he was allowed.

At last Tallie's patience was nearly exhausted. He could hold in no longer, and so he asked once again: "Now, papa, is it time for our luncheon?"

"Yes," replied his father, "it is time. You may help me get ready for it."

The preparations were very simple. There was no table to set. Mr. Ambleton's writing place was a very old-fashioned desk, which had been handsome in its early days, when it was brought over from England. There was even some inlaid work in the front of the upper drawer, — and such a curious drawer as that was! When pulled out, it would not come all the way, like the other three drawers, but only about eight inches. Peeping in, you could see a few drawers, and ever so many pigeon-holes for papers. At first it seemed impossible to get at these holes so as to make them of any use; and there was not room enough inside to pull out the tiny drawers as far as they ought to come. Tallie already knew that the front side of the big drawer had hinges at the bottom, and could be turned down. This made quite a wide writing desk. This flap was held in place by some stout, circular, brass joints at the sides. When it was closed, springs held it tightly shut, and they had a brass knob at each end which had to be pressed in strongly when the flap was to be opened. When open, the small drawers could readily be pulled out, and they all

moved very smoothly. The secretary was very old, and nobody knew its history. Mr. Ambleton had bought it of a dealer in second-hand furniture in the good old city of Salem; but it was made of seasoned wood, and made upon honor, and so, in its old age, it was just as useful as when it was brand new. Probably the maker of it never dreamed that it would one day travel across the big Atlantic Ocean, and that a little boy would use it for his table for a birthday luncheon; but a very good table it made, Tallie sitting at one corner, and his father in front. A newspaper served for a table-cloth. The meat-can had to be opened with the queer knife which, you may remember, Mr. Ambleton bought in the morning when he bought the tongue. The knife worked to a charm, and Mr. Ambleton said it was the best can-opener he had ever used.

It was partly because the boy was so hungry that the saltpetred tongue tasted so very nice, as papa sliced it off with the knife Mrs. Pheasant had lent them at breakfast time. The crackers too were crisp, and the jelly well flavored. There was only one tumbler for drinking, and that belonged on the sink in the corner; but the water was cold, and, if the glass was none of the cleanest, it was much cleaner than some boys ever handle. Indeed, there are many children who never have a tumbler to drink from, who never sit at a table to eat, and never know what it is to have a good, square meal, and eat all they want. Such children are glad to snatch a bit whenever they can, and eat their food while tumbling on the floor or rushing about the streets; and they are always hungry. But our little hero had all the lunch he wished, and he thought no dinner had ever been quite so "nobby," as he expressed it.

When the crumbs had been swept away, and the remnants of the food, including half of the tongue, put away in a lower drawer, Mr. Ambleton asked Tallie if he had ever been over to the police-station with him. Tallie never had been, but would like to go; and so they went, stopping at the post-office on the way. It was only a few steps around the corner. Tallie had no idea of seeing such a nice place. There was a large room where the roll of the policemen was called every day when they went upon duty. Downstairs, in the basement, were rooms where prisoners could be kept in confinement till the judge was ready to try them for their crimes. Mr. Ambleton took Tallie into the court room, which was behind the large room; and there he saw the judge's seat. The judge was not there; but the clerk was, and Mr. Ambleton chatted with him a little while. Then they went back to the front office, where the captain of the station welcomed them very cordially. At Mr. Ambleton's request, the captain looked over the big record book, and told him what had happened during the week. Some sidewalks were out of order and needed repairs. Several men and a few women had been arrested and fined for drunkenness. There had been an attempt to break into a residence on the hill; but the gentleman of the house had heard the noise, and got out his revolver, and the burglars had run away. A dog had bitten another dog, and an officer had shot him for fear he might be mad. There were one or two very poor families who needed and deserved assistance. An Irishman had been arrested for thrashing his wife while he was drunk; but it turned out that the woman did not want her husband punished. "Shure," she exclaimed, "it's a poor sort of a woman that won't be glad to have

her old man give her a batin' once in a way!"

These incidents, and many more, did the police captain describe to Mr. Ambleton, who wrote them down as fast as he could make his pencil fly. The time seemed rather long to Tallie; but he looked at every thing in the cheerful office. He read the rules which hung on the wall as well as possible, but could not make out all the words. There was a telegraph machine by the window; and he studied it carefully, trying to make out the directions printed on it. He thought this was a common telegraph for the public to use; but, when his father had done writing, he asked him about it, and found that it was only a police telegraph, by which messages could be sent to and fro between that police-station and the central office in the city. If the chief of police wished to know what was going on in that Ward, he could telegraph and ascertain in a minute; and by the same method he could give what orders he wished to.

While Tallie and his father were talking, there came into the room two other officers. One was a lieutenant of police, and the other a sergeant. They were very pleasant, and spoke kindly to the boy; and they told Mr. Ambleton another piece of news, which he wrote down. While he was doing so, Tallie sat by the window, looking across the street; and he saw two men come along the sidewalk, look about a minute, and then climb over a high fence into a yard, and go into a shed there. Tallie was so surprised that he said: "O papa, see those men jump!"

His exclamation made his father look from the window, and he said: "I wonder what those fellows are after."

This made the lieutenant look, and then the captain; and the latter told the ser-

geant to run over and see what the men were doing in that yard, where they evidently had no right to be. The sergeant went out by the front door, and they all watched him cross the street. The men in the yard could not see the policeman as he came towards the fence, because it was so high and the boards so close together; and they did not know that he was in their neighborhood till he suddenly and lightly sprang over and dropped down beside them. The office window opposite was so much higher than the yard, and so far off, that Tallie and the others could see all that was going on there. The sergeant spoke to the fellows, and then nodded his head very decidedly at them, and motioned them to go away. They obeyed, and climbed over the fence again, and went away down the street, while the sergeant came back to the office. Tallie was anxious to know what the men had said. The sergeant had not much to tell. "Perhaps they thought they might find something they could steal," he said.

As they walked back to the printing office, Tallie had many questions to ask and conjectures to offer. "Do you believe they were real burglars, papa?" he urged. By the time they were seated at the desk again, the incident was driven out of his mind by another. Peter said: "Here are the proofs of those cards, sir."

Mr. Ambleton looked at them, and then handed them to Tallie. What was Tallie's surprise when he saw printed on each card the name of one of his friends! He was greatly delighted when his father told him that the cards were for him to carry home with him to the country and give to his relatives there. There were only a few changes to be made, and then Mr. Ambleton told Peter he might strike off a package of each. How Tallie watched him,

while he worked away on the little press, till he had printed the whole three hundred, and done each pack up in a clean white wrapper! Tallie fairly crowed when they were handed to him; and he was happier in the thought that he could make others happy with these presents than as if the gifts were all for his own use. He brought them to his father; but soon after Peter brought in one more package, and on these last cards was printed Tallie's own name, which he had not expected. So Sister Sallie and Brother Braxley and Mamma and Aunt Sheelah and Cousin Guilfer and Uncle Joe Walker and Tallie himself were all remembered.

It was evening before Mr. Ambleton was ready to return to the city, for the "Light-house" went to press that day. Tallie had plenty of opportunity to watch the "Acme Press" while it worked off its thousand or two copies; and he was getting sleepy when, at last, his father said: "Come, Tallie-boy, it is time to take the car."

What happened in that horse-car shall be told in the next and last chapter.

OPEN HEARTS AND READY HANDS.

ONE day a teacher said to his class, —

"Boys, you can all be useful, if you will. If you cannot do good by great deeds, you can by little ones."

These boys said nothing; but the teacher saw by their looks that they thought he was mistaken. They did not believe that they could be of any use. So he said, —

"You think it is not so; but suppose you just try it for a week."

"How shall we try it?" asked one of them.

"Just keep your eyes open, and your hands ready to do any thing good that

comes in your way this week, and tell me next Sabbath if you have not managed to be useful in some way or other," said the teacher.

"Agreed," said the boys; and so they parted.

The next Sabbath those boys gathered round their teacher with smiling lips, and eyes so full of light that they fairly twinkled like the stars.

"Ah, boys! I see by your looks that you have something to tell."

"We have, sir! we have!" they said, all together. Then each told his story.

"I," said one, "thought of going to the well for a pail of water every morning, to save my mother trouble and time. She thanked me so much, and was so greatly pleased, that I mean to keep on doing it for her."

"And I," said another boy, "thought of a poor old woman, whose eyes were too dim to read. I went to her house every day, and read a chapter to her from the Bible. It seems to give her a great deal of comfort. I cannot tell how she thanked me."

A third boy said, —

"I was wandering along the street, wondering what I could do. A gentleman called, and asked me to hold his horse. I did so. He gave me five cents. I have brought it to put into the missionary-box."

"I was walking with my eyes open and my hands ready, as you told us," said the fourth boy, "when I saw a little fellow crying because he had lost some pennies. I found them, and he dried his tears, and ran off, feeling very happy."

A fifth boy said, —

"I saw my mother was very tired one day. The baby was cross, and mother looked sick and sad. I asked mother to put baby into my little wagon. She did

so, and I gave him a grand ride round the garden. If you had only heard him crow, and seen him clap his hands, teacher, it would have done you good; and, oh, how much brighter mother looked when I took the baby in-doors again!" — *Rev. Dr. Newton.*

THE SQUIRREL.

"THE squirrel is happy, the squirrel is gay!"
Said Harry, one day, to his brother;
"He has nothing to do or think of but play,
And jump from one bough to another."

But William was older and wiser, and knew
That all play and no work wouldn't answer;
So he asked what the squirrel in the winter must
do,
If he spent all the summer a dancer?

The squirrel, dear boys, is merry and wise,
For true wisdom and mirth go together;
He lays up in summer his winter supplies,
And then he don't mind the cold weather.

Selected.

HUMOROUS.

LITTLE BOB, who usually adds a few original words to his nightly "Now I lay me down to sleep," became somewhat excited the other evening after hearing of some thefts and murders, and illustrated the early age at which the notions of one generation are transmitted to another, by ending the petition with, "O Lord, all them that kills, steals, and murders, please make 'em better if you can; if you can't, hang 'em."

An Irishman relates his experience: "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and I found them in ruins. I cried aloud, 'My fathers, where are they?' And echo responded, 'Is that you, Patrick McClathery?'"

A little girl in Bath, Me., wrote in her diary under date of March 2: "Pleasant in forenoon & a very big rain storm at night. I went to school. Hayes is elected good good good good good goodest best."

It is useless for physicians to protest against short-sleeved dresses. The Constitution of the United States says that "the right to bear arms shall not be interfered with."

"Mrs. Parr of this village," says a Wisconsin exchange, "has had no less than seventy attacks of illness during her lifetime, and still lives." She must be one of the "Brave Women of Seventy-Sicks."

"Bridget, I told you to let me have my hot water the first thing in the morning."
"Shure, sir," said Bridget, "didn't I bring it up, and lave it at the dure last night, so as to have it in time?"

"Grandma, why don't you keep a servant any longer?" — "Well, you see, my child, I'm getting old now, and can't take care of one as I used to, you know."

It is an old remark that, if you want to have a person on time at the appointed minute, make the time 12.50 o'clock, and it is ten to one he will meet you.

It is folly to pay forty cents for a sheet of music, when you can go to church and get it by the choir for nothing.

A late book entitled "Half Hours with Insects." What a lively half hour one can have with a bee!

Animals are such agreeable friends, — they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

What should be lighter than a lamp?
Why, a lamp-lighter, of course.

THE following officers of the Worcester Sunday-School Society were chosen at the late meeting in Leominster: President, Rev. A. J. Rich, of Brookfield; Vice-President, A. A. Ballou, of Grafton; Secretary and Treasurer, Rev. G. Pierce, of Westboro'. Any person wishing to have a copy of Rev. M. J. Savage's Address on "Sunday-School Instruction," can do so by sending five cents in stamps to Rev. A. J. Rich, Brookfield, Mass.

THE FIRST WATCH.

At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights, and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI. had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummetts of lead." The first watches may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first great improvement, the substitution of springs for weights, was in 1550. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and, being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in the twelve hours. The dials were of silver or brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost the equivalent of \$1,600 in our currency, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it. — *Selected.*

Puzzles.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

1. A gold coin, — what gulf?
2. A boy's name, — what bay?
3. A Spanish nobleman, — what river?
4. A salt-water fish, — what cape?
5. A girl's name, — what state?
6. A famous general, — what territory?

DECAPITATIONS.

1.

Complete, it is a kind of fowl.
Behead, it is to excite.
Behead again, it is a river in Europe.
Again, it is a custom.
Curtail, it is a pronoun.

2.

Entire, it is a noisy custom.
Behead, it is to stir up.
Behead again, it is used to give light.
Curtail, it is a pronoun.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A portico. 2. A negro. 3. A province in Belgium. 4. To summon. 5. To conceal.
The initials form a kind of fruit; the finals, another.

ENIGMA.

A father begins it, a mother shall end it;
And then, to fill up between,
Just put down the name of their sweet little daughter,
A blooming young lass of sixteen;
And you will have what should be well provided
With many a well-painted scene.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

Honor thy father and thy mother.

ANSWERS TO SQUARE WORDS.

1.

N O S E
O D E R
S E A S
E R S T

2.

A M O S
M O R E
O R A L
S E L L

THE DAYSPRING,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(George F. Piper, Secretary)

7 TREMONT PLACE BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.

Four copies to one address . \$1.00.

Postage, 2½ cents additional for each copy, per year.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.